HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON'S WORKS.

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OF

LORD BYRON'S WORKS

IN A SERIES OF ETCHINGS,

Achille

BY REVEIL,

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS,

Alexandre (Marie)

BY A. COLIN.

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He raised his head

"What is that form if not a shape of air

"Methinks my jailor's face shows wondrous fair

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright :
He moved his hand— the grating of is chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
« What is that form ? if not a shape of air,
Methinks my jailor's face shows wondrous fair ! »

« Pirate ! thou know'st me not — but I am one
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done ;
Look on me — and remember her , thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames , and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness — and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt — I would not see thee die. »

« If so , kind lady ! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight :
Theirs in the chance — and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine ,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine ? »

. . . . . .

« Corsair ! thy doom is named — but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare — nay more — would save thee now,
But this — time — hope — nor even thy strength allow ;
But all I can , I will : at least , delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin — even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both. »

« Yes ! — loth indeed : — my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall :
Tempt not thyself with peril ; . . . . .

THE CORSAIR. — Canto 2, Stanzas XIII, XIV.

A. Cosin inv. Tudor del. Rawel sc.

His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold.

. . . . . .

His steps the chamber gain — his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

He turn'd not — spoke not — sunk not — fix'd his look
Ant set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed — how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veil'd — thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose — but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long — fair — but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These — and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing — wherefore is he here?

He ask'd no question — all were answer'd now
By the first glance on that still — marble brow.

THE CORSAIR. — Canto 3, Stanzas XIX, XX, XXI.

LORD BYRON.

A. Colin sc. Audot edit. Revert sc.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd
Was Lara stretch'd . . . . his page approach'd

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,
Was Lara strech'd; his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;
Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing pride;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.

. . . . . .

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
To know the import of the words they heard;
And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
They were not such as Lara should avow,
Nor he interpret, yet with less surprise
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes;
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied;
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
To soothe away the horrors of his dream,
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

LARA. — Canto I, Stanzas XIII, XIV.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such question, so repeated fierce and high

He turned and met the inquisitorial tone —
"My name is Lara . . . . . .

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such question, so repeated fierce and high;
With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone —
« My name is Lara! — when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.
'Tis Lara! — further wouldst thou mark or ask,
I shun no question and y wear no mask. »

« Thou shun'st no question! Ponder—is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again! »
. . . . . .

And here their wondering host hath interposed —
« Whate'er there be between you indisclosed,
This is no time nor fitting place to mar
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
If thou, sir Ezzelin, hast ought to show
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
Reseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest. »
. . . . . .
« To morrow be it, » Ezzelin replied.
. . . . . .
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
In far forgetfulness away — away —
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

LARA. — Canto I, Stanza XXIII.

F. Colin sc. *Gadot edit* *Revoil sc.*

CHAMOIS HUNTER. *Hold, madman! — though aweary of thy life,*
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood. —
Away with me — I will not quit my hold.

Manfred. *Act I — Scene II.*

The mountain of the Jungfrau

MANFRED. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel — thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenburg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal! — for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

MANFRED, *not hearing him.* Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime — as thus — thus they shall be —
In this one plunge. — Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully —
Ye were not meant for me — Earth! take these atoms!

As MANFRED *is in the act to spring from the cliff, the* CHAMOIS HUNTER *seizes and retains him.*

CHAMOIS HUNTER. Hold, madman! — though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood. —
Away with me — I will not quit my hold.

MANFRED. I am most sick at heart — nay, grasp me not —
I am all feebleness — the mountains whirl
Spinning around me — I grow blind. — What art thou?

CHAMOIS HUNTER. I'll answer anon. — Away with me. —

MANFRED. — Act. I. Scène II.

J. Colin inv. Audot edit. Revoil sc.

He lived — he breathed — he moved — he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt:
His trance was gone — . . . . . .

To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
But yet that heart alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must— but when essay?

. . . . . .

She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
« He loved them once; may touch them yet,
If offer'd by Zuleika's hand. »
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet: »

. . . . . .

« What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim Dear! oh, more than dearest!

. . . . . .

. . I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend — and who my guide?
Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Even Azrael, from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust! »

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone — . . . . . .

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS. — Canto I, Stanzas, X. XI, XII.

Colin inv. Audot edit. Pencil s.

But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak or look reply,
Beneath the garden wicket porch
Far flash'd on high blazing torch!
Another — and another — and another —
Ah, ah, ha — no more — yet now my more than brother's

His robe off price was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloack of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath — his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.

. . . . . .

« I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou sest my words were true:
I have a tale thou hat not dream'd,
If sooth its truth must others rue.

. . . . . .

But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:
And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,
With me this hour away — away!

. . . . . .

But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!
Another — and another — and another —
« Oh! fly — no more — yet now my more than brother! »

THE BRIDE OF ABDOS. — Canto 2, Stanzas, IX, X, XXI, XXII.

LORD BYRON

A. Colin inv. Audot edit. Revel sc

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed it's force to feel,
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met:
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—
« So may the foes of Giaffir fall! »
Whose voice his heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
'Tis thine — Abdallah's murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling —
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choak'd the tone!

. . . . . .

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levell'd with the wave —

THE BRIDE OF ABIDOS. — Canto 2. Stanza XXV, XXVI.

A Colin inv. Audot edit. Revel sc

His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd.

. . . . . .

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!

. . . . . .

So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band.

. . . . . .

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And pass'd his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude;
His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and opprest;
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone his taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH. — STANZAS XVI - XVIII - XIX.

A. Colin inv. Audot edit. Revel sc.

Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

. . . . . .
He turn'd to the left— is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
« God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament? »
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deem'd no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled!
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
And ere, yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH. — Stanza XX.

LORD BYRON.

A. Colin inv. Audot edit. Reveil sc

A moment more — and they shall meet —
'T is past — her lover's at her feet.

Parisina. *Stanza II.*

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if the sits in Este's bower,
'T is not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'T is past—her lover's at her feet.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
  Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had pass'd away,
  They only for each other breathe;
Their very sighs are full of joy
  So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
  The hearts which feel its fiery sway:
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
In that tumultuous tender dream?
Who that have felt that passion's power,
Or paused, or fear'd in such an hour?
Or thought how brief such moments last:
But yet—they are already past!
Alas! we must awake before
We know such vision comes no more.

PARISINA. — STANZAS, II, III.

A Colin inv. Audot edit. Roued sc.

...— He did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
  To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
  A husband's trusting heart beside.
But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
  And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
  And clasps her Lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away:
And he to that embrace awakes,
And, happy in the thought, mistakes
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
Far such as he was wont to bless;
And could in very fondness weep
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
  And listen'd to each broken word:
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
  As if the Archangel's voice he heard?
And well he may—a deeper doom
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
When he shall wake to sleep no more,
And stand the eternal throne before.
And well he may—his earthly peace
Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
That sleeping whisper of a name
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
  But sheathed if ere the point was bare—
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
  He could not slay a thing so fair—
  At least, not smiling—sleeping there—
Nay, more: — he did not wake her then,
  But gazed upon her with a glance
  Which, had she roused her from her trance,
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
While, in his thought, her days are number'd.

PARISINA. — STANZAS, V, VI, VII.

A. Cohn inv. Audot edit. Revoil sc.

My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done
And now I go — but go alone.

The Giaour.

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies — his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below. —

. . . . . .

« Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
But his shall be a redder grave;
Her spirit pointed well the steel
Which taught that felon heart to feel.
He call'd the Prophet, but his power
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
He call'd on Alla — but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
I watch'd my time, I leagued with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
And now I go — but go alone. »

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

THE GIAOUR.

LORD BYRON.

A Colin inv. Audot edit Revell sc.

His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.

The Giaour.

« How name ye you lone Caloyer?
  His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land : 't is many a year,
  Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.

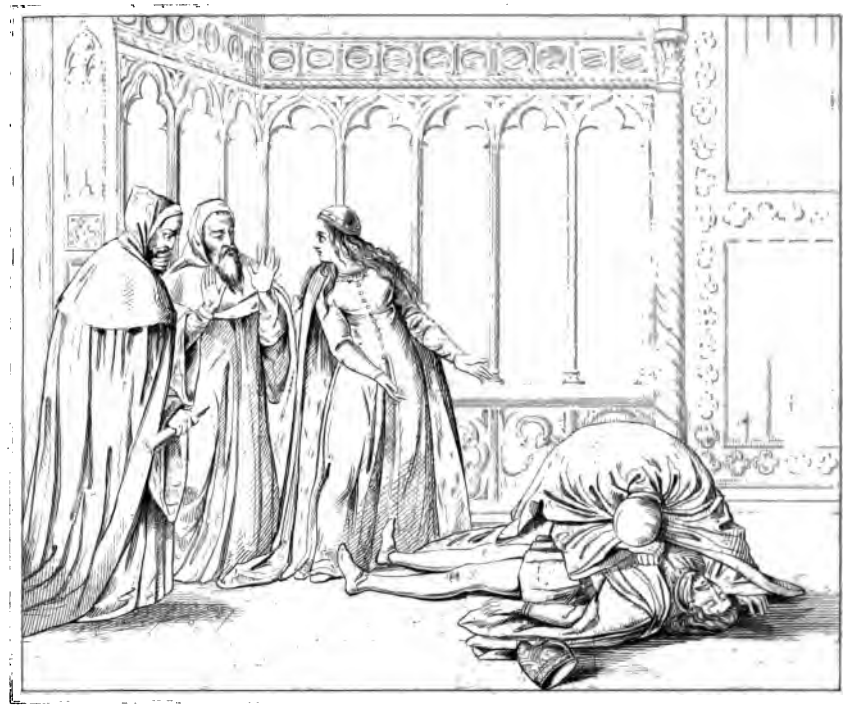
« 'Tis twice three years at summer tide
  Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
  For some dark deed he will not name.

. . . . . .

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl :
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
That claims and keeps ascendancy;

From him the half-affrighted friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferr'd to others fear and guile :
Not oft smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 't is sad to see
That he but mocks at misery.

« His floating robe around him folding,
  Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
  The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done —
And hear the prayer, but utter none.



A. Colin inv. Audot edit Revoil sc.

LOREDANO. *What's here?*

MARINA. *Ah! the devil come to insult the dead! Avaunt!*
Incarnate Lucifer! 't is holy ground.
A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it
A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of torment!

DOGE. He's free.
MARINA, No—no—he is not dead;
There must be life yet in that heart—he could not
Thus leave me.
DOGE. Daughter!
MARINA. Hold thy peace, old man!
I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.
Oh! Foscari! . . . . . .
And I must live!
DOGE Your children live, Marina.
MARINA. My children! true—they live, and I must live
To bring them up to serve the state, and die
As died their father. Oh! what best of blessings
Were barrenness in Venice! Would my mother
Had been so!
DOGE. My unhappy children!
MARINA. What!
You feel it then at last—*you*!—where is now
The stoic of the state?
DOGE. (*Throwing himself down by the body.*) *Here!*
MARINA. Ay, Weep on!
It thought you had no tears—you hoarded them
Until they are useless; but weep on! he never
Shall weep more—never, never more.
(*Enter* LOREDANO *and* BARBARIGA.)
LOREDANO. What's here?
MARINA. Ah! the divil come to insult the dead! Avaunt!
Incarnate Lucifer! 't is holy ground.
A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it
A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of torment!
BARBARIGO. Lady, we knew not of this sad event,
But pass'd here merely on our path from council.
MARINA. Pass on.
LOREDANO We sought the Doge.
MARINA (*pointing to the* DOGE, *who is still on the ground by his son's body.*)
He's busy, look,
About the business *you* provided for him.
Are ye content?
BARBARIGO. We will not interrupt
A parent's sorrows.
MARINA. No, ye only make them,
Then leave them.

Drawn forth the horse! — the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
but he was wild
Wild as the wild deer . . . . . .

« Bring forth the horse ! » —the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs : but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'T was but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led :
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away !—Away !—and on we dash !
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

« Away !—avay !—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on :
'T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away !—away !—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout :
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed :
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days.

MAZEPPA. — STANZAS, IX, X.

LORD BYRON.

A Colin inv. Audot edit. Revell sc.

Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that sothed his happier day.

To Inez:

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,
Alas! I cannot smile again;
Yet heaven avert that ever thou
Should'st weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, even thou must fail to soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life — the demon thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime't is mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I 've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask —
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on — nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there

A Colon imp. Audot edit. Revel c.

Bring forth the horse! — the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
. . . . . but he was wild
Wild as the wild deer, ...

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd, — it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Althouhg the way they make it 's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
To speak, cries « Beppo! what'syour pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible't was-very wrong?

« And are you *really*, *trully*, now a Turk?
With any other women did you wive?
Is 't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that 's the prettiest shawl — as I'm alive!
You 'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To — Bless me! dit I ever? No, I, never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How 's your liver?

Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;
It shall be shaved before you 're a day older:
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot —
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder
How do I look? You sha'n't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord! how gray it 's grown! »

What answer Beppo made to these demands,
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

Beppo. — Stanzas, xci, xcii, xciii, xciv.

A. Colin inv. Audot sdt. Revoil sc.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end.

And then fair Haidee tried her tongue at speaking,
But not a word could Juan comprehend,
Although he listen'd so that the young Greek in
Her earnestness would ne'er have made an end;
And, as he interrupted not, went eking
Her speech out to her protégé and friend,
Till, pausing at the last her breath to take,
She saw he did not understand Romaic.

And then she had recourse to nods, and signs,
And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
And read (the only book she could) the lines
Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy;
The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
And darts in one quick glance a long reply;
And thus is every look she saw express'd
A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

Don Juan. — Canto 2, Stanzas clxi, clxii.

LORD BYRON.

A Colin inv. Audot sdt Revel sc.

The lady, rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem.

Don Juan. Canto 5 — Stanzas XCV-XCVI-XCVII

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady. Baba stopp'd, and kneeling sign'd
To Juan, who, though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

The lady, rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem:
And, raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep-purple robe, and, speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

. . . . . .

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen.

Don Juan. — Canto 5, Stanzas xcv, xcvi, xcix.